

WHO'S GUILTY?

by MRS. WILSON WOODROW

AUTHOR OF "THE SILVER BUTTERFLY,"
"SALLY SALT," "THE BLACK PEARL," ETC.
NOVELIZED FROM THE SERIES OF PHOTOPLAYS OF
THE SAME NAME RELEASED BY PATHE EXCHANGE.

FOURTEENTH STORY

The Irony of Justice.

It began on Halloween—on the night when Tom Morrissey finished his apprenticeship and received a union card as a full-fledged journeyman printer. With the card he had received a job in the big shop where his apprenticeship had been served.

It was a splendid job, too, for a boy of twenty—a job that would secure away the bogey of poverty which had haunted Tom ever since the day, two years earlier, when his father had died, leaving his only son with a widowed mother and a pretty sister to support.

Tom Morrissey was hurrying home right gleefully, from the shop when, rounding a corner, he came upon a group of boys who were dancing around a Halloween bonfire. The blaze roared merrily. The boys greeted with cheers each new member of their group who arrived with an armful of fresh fuel.

The cheers swelled to a howl of delight, as two young fellows ran toward the fire from a side street, carrying between them a big wooden gate they had dexterously lifted from its place in front of some unrigged house.

As the two gate stealers trotted forward and cast their burden on the fire, Tom recognized one of them as Henry Rokeson, a youth several years older than himself—son of the town's foremost lawyer-politician.

Tom also saw what none of the bonfire-builders at first noted. Namely, that a policeman (who evidently had watched the gate robbers from a distance) was running toward the merry-makers.

Before Tom could call a warning, the policeman charged down upon the lads. One of them yelled: "Beat it!" and the group melted as if by magic.

One of them—Henry Rokeson—dashed across the street toward the inviting open entrance to an alley. As he ran past Tom, his toe caught on the edge of the curb, and he sprawled headlong.

Tom stooped to lift young Rokeson to his feet. But the moment's delay had been enough for the policeman to overtake him. The bluecoat nabbed Henry by the collar, shaking him into submission. In the same movement he seized Tom Morrissey.

"In the name of the law!" sputtered the officer. "And if either of you resist, I'll pull my gun on you. I saw the two of you pinch that gate."

"You didn't see me do it," declared Henry Rokeson. "I was on my way home from my father's office, when I noticed this fellow and another boy going toward the fire, with a gate between them, when—"

"You saw me doing that?" gasped Tom incredulously.

"I did," reiterated Henry, "and I'm ready to swear to it. I—"

"Come along, the both of you!" broke in the policeman. "You can tell it tomorrow to the judge."

At the town's single police station (under the city hall) the two boys

were arraigned before a grumpy lieutenant and then consigned to the same cell.

Henry Rokeson, by means of a five-dollar tip to the doorman, had a telephone message sent to his father, Tom Morrissey, not wanting to worry his mother and sister, made no effort to send word to them.

As soon as he and his cellmate were left alone together in their barred cub-

icle, Tom turned fiercely to young Rokeson:

"What did you tell that lie for?" he demanded. "Why did you say you saw me steal the gate?"

"What did you trip me for, as I ducked past you?" countered Henry, with equal fierceness. "And then why did you grab me and hold me till the cop could catch up with us?"

"I didn't," cried Tom. "You stumbled on the curb, just in front of me. I was trying to help you up, when—"

The door of their cell swung open. The lieutenant and the doorman and a well-dressed man in civilian clothes stood in the dimly lit corridor outside. Tom recognized the civilian as Elsie Rokeson, whom he had often seen at the street.

The erstwhile austere lieutenant was positively wriggling with embarrassment as he addressed Henry Rokeson.

"Mr. Rokeson," he said, "Officer Harding made one of his headstrong breaks when he arrested you. I hope you'll accept the apologies of the police department."

Next morning (on the testimony of Patrolman Harding) a wise and just magistrate—former law partner of Hinkle Rokeson—solemnly imposed a fine of ten dollars upon Tom Morrissey, adding a lecture and an admonition that next time it would go harder with the young criminal.

The four ensuing years brought peace and simple prosperity to the Morrissey household. Tom worked hard and efficiently at his trade.

As a result he was able to buy an installment a pretty cottage on Hudson lane, where he installed his invalid mother and sister, Mabel.

The little household in the Hudson lane cottage was ideally happy. The sickly mother, in her own home at last and with her beloved flowerbeds to keep her outdoors, grew daily stronger.

Mabel, studying at the normal school, grew into graceful and beautiful young womanhood.

Tom, in his free hours, helped his mother with her tiny flower gardens and Mabel with her lessons, or taught new tricks to his fluffy yellow mongrel puppy, "Hutch." He was gloriously content with life.

Hudson lane backed up against Harvard street, the town's most pretentious thoroughfare. Thus, Tom's back garden was separated only by a picket fence and hedge from the rear grounds of a huge and showy mansion that stood on Harvard street.

Tom's grounds, indeed, ran back all the way to Hudson lane, on both sides of Tom's little patch of land.

The mansion was owned by Hinkle Rokeson. At the extreme rear of his grounds, fronting on Hudson lane, he maintained his kennel of prize-winning bulldogs.

One June afternoon, a few minutes before six o'clock, Tom Morrissey returned from work.

In the garden Mrs. Morrissey and Mabel were bending over a flower bed, rearranging some uprooted larkspur plants.

His mother, looking up from her task at the flower bed, met his smile and called out a word of tender welcome to him.

"We didn't expect you home so early," she said as Tom bent down to kiss her and to run a playfully effective hand through Mabel's curly hair.

"Why are you replanting the nasturtiums?" asked her son. "They seemed to be doing so well."

"They were," said Mabel, "but today some of those prize chickens of the Rokeson's got out of their coop and flew over the fence into your yard and scratched up every nasturtium in the whole bed. Wasn't it horrid?"

"Too bad!" sympathized Tom, "but I'll replant the rest of them, now that I'm here. You and Mabel rest on the porch and do the heavy looking on."

"Henry looking on, indeed!" scoffed his mother. "Do you realize I have the supper to get ready? There will be only you and I to eat it tonight. Mabel is going to supper at the Paynters. And afterward she and Elsie Paynter are going to a dance at the pavilion."

As he bent to his garden work, Tom heard two men's voices in conversation on the far side of the picket fence that divided his lot from the end of the Rokeson grounds in which the kennels were situated. He recognized the voices as those of Hinkle Rokeson and Henry. They were evidently inspecting the kennels.

"Bring out old Champion Colborn," Tom presently heard Henry order the kennel man. "I want to look at that barbed-wire scratch on his shoulder."

Tom, turning his head, saw the kennel man open a heavy wire door in one of the enclosures. Out trotted a massive white bulldog, perhaps eighty pounds in weight, huge muscles bulging through the surface of his glossy white hide.

At sight of his master, the great dog bounded forward, wagging his stumpy tail in joyous greeting, leaping up at Henry for caresses, his plumed paws brushed against Henry's flannel trousers, leaving dusty marks on the white cloth.

Henry, with an exasperated curse at the affectionate brute's awkwardness, swung back one humped shoulder and delivered a tremendous kick on the dog's throat. Both father and son chuckled with laughter as Champion Colborn tumbled prone into the dust, under the cruel impact, and then limped crestfallen back into his kennel.

Tom went on with his planting. A minute later, Mabel emerged from the cottage. Calling out a cheery greeting to her brother, she walked down the short garden path to the street gate. Tom's yellow puppy had followed her from the house and now frisked along in front of her, gleeful in the prospect of a walk. But at the gate she sent him back, calling:

"No, no, Hutchie! Go back to master. You can't walk with me this evening."

Chagrined, but obedient, the puppy obeyed. He trotted over to Tom. The boy patted him on the head, then, as he was about to go to his room, he turned back and gave the dog a pat on the nose.

He ran to the gate. Mabel had registered to close it lightly. A few seconds later, a dark figure was pushing it open wide enough for him to wriggle out.

Mabel was no longer in sight on Hudson lane, having turned the corner a block above. Hutch, contented in his happy search for adventure, he was not long in finding it.

Tom heard Henry Rokeson say, in amused excitement to the kennel man: "Let Champion Colborn out again, quick! And open the gate in the hedge that leads into Hudson lane."

To his father, Rokeson explained: "That mongrel yellow hound of Morrissey's is out on the sidewalk. Watch some fun!"

Tom jumped to his feet and ran to his own gate. But, fast as he ran, he was not long in finding it.

He found Henry Rokeson say, in amused excitement to the kennel man: "Let Champion Colborn out again, quick! And open the gate in the hedge that leads into Hudson lane."

To his father, Rokeson explained: "That mongrel yellow hound of Morrissey's is out on the sidewalk. Watch some fun!"

Tom jumped to his feet and ran to his own gate. But, fast as he ran, he was not long in finding it.

He found Henry Rokeson say, in amused excitement to the kennel man: "Let Champion Colborn out again, quick! And open the gate in the hedge that leads into Hudson lane."

To his father, Rokeson explained: "That mongrel yellow hound of Morrissey's is out on the sidewalk. Watch some fun!"

Tom jumped to his feet and ran to his own gate. But, fast as he ran, he was not long in finding it.

He found Henry Rokeson say, in amused excitement to the kennel man: "Let Champion Colborn out again, quick! And open the gate in the hedge that leads into Hudson lane."

To his father, Rokeson explained: "That mongrel yellow hound of Morrissey's is out on the sidewalk. Watch some fun!"

Tom jumped to his feet and ran to his own gate. But, fast as he ran, he was not long in finding it.

He found Henry Rokeson say, in amused excitement to the kennel man: "Let Champion Colborn out again, quick! And open the gate in the hedge that leads into Hudson lane."

To his father, Rokeson explained: "That mongrel yellow hound of Morrissey's is out on the sidewalk. Watch some fun!"

Tom jumped to his feet and ran to his own gate. But, fast as he ran, he was not long in finding it.

He found Henry Rokeson say, in amused excitement to the kennel man: "Let Champion Colborn out again, quick! And open the gate in the hedge that leads into Hudson lane."

To his father, Rokeson explained: "That mongrel yellow hound of Morrissey's is out on the sidewalk. Watch some fun!"

Tom jumped to his feet and ran to his own gate. But, fast as he ran, he was not long in finding it.

He found Henry Rokeson say, in amused excitement to the kennel man: "Let Champion Colborn out again, quick! And open the gate in the hedge that leads into Hudson lane."

To his father, Rokeson explained: "That mongrel yellow hound of Morrissey's is out on the sidewalk. Watch some fun!"

Tom jumped to his feet and ran to his own gate. But, fast as he ran, he was not long in finding it.

He found Henry Rokeson say, in amused excitement to the kennel man: "Let Champion Colborn out again, quick! And open the gate in the hedge that leads into Hudson lane."

To his father, Rokeson explained: "That mongrel yellow hound of Morrissey's is out on the sidewalk. Watch some fun!"

Tom jumped to his feet and ran to his own gate. But, fast as he ran, he was not long in finding it.

He found Henry Rokeson say, in amused excitement to the kennel man: "Let Champion Colborn out again, quick! And open the gate in the hedge that leads into Hudson lane."

To his father, Rokeson explained: "That mongrel yellow hound of Morrissey's is out on the sidewalk. Watch some fun!"

Tom jumped to his feet and ran to his own gate. But, fast as he ran, he was not long in finding it.

He found Henry Rokeson say, in amused excitement to the kennel man: "Let Champion Colborn out again, quick! And open the gate in the hedge that leads into Hudson lane."

To his father, Rokeson explained: "That mongrel yellow hound of Morrissey's is out on the sidewalk. Watch some fun!"

Tom jumped to his feet and ran to his own gate. But, fast as he ran, he was not long in finding it.

He found Henry Rokeson say, in amused excitement to the kennel man: "Let Champion Colborn out again, quick! And open the gate in the hedge that leads into Hudson lane."

To his father, Rokeson explained: "That mongrel yellow hound of Morrissey's is out on the sidewalk. Watch some fun!"

Tom jumped to his feet and ran to his own gate. But, fast as he ran, he was not long in finding it.

He found Henry Rokeson say, in amused excitement to the kennel man: "Let Champion Colborn out again, quick! And open the gate in the hedge that leads into Hudson lane."

To his father, Rokeson explained: "That mongrel yellow hound of Morrissey's is out on the sidewalk. Watch some fun!"

Tom jumped to his feet and ran to his own gate. But, fast as he ran, he was not long in finding it.

He found Henry Rokeson say, in amused excitement to the kennel man: "Let Champion Colborn out again, quick! And open the gate in the hedge that leads into Hudson lane."

To his father, Rokeson explained: "That mongrel yellow hound of Morrissey's is out on the sidewalk. Watch some fun!"

Tom jumped to his feet and ran to his own gate. But, fast as he ran, he was not long in finding it.

He found Henry Rokeson say, in amused excitement to the kennel man: "Let Champion Colborn out again, quick! And open the gate in the hedge that leads into Hudson lane."

To his father, Rokeson explained: "That mongrel yellow hound of Morrissey's is out on the sidewalk. Watch some fun!"

Tom jumped to his feet and ran to his own gate. But, fast as he ran, he was not long in finding it.

He found Henry Rokeson say, in amused excitement to the kennel man: "Let Champion Colborn out again, quick! And open the gate in the hedge that leads into Hudson lane."

To his father, Rokeson explained: "That mongrel yellow hound of Morrissey's is out on the sidewalk. Watch some fun!"

Tom jumped to his feet and ran to his own gate. But, fast as he ran, he was not long in finding it.

He found Henry Rokeson say, in amused excitement to the kennel man: "Let Champion Colborn out again, quick! And open the gate in the hedge that leads into Hudson lane."

To his father, Rokeson explained: "That mongrel yellow hound of Morrissey's is out on the sidewalk. Watch some fun!"

Tom jumped to his feet and ran to his own gate. But, fast as he ran, he was not long in finding it.

He found Henry Rokeson say, in amused excitement to the kennel man: "Let Champion Colborn out again, quick! And open the gate in the hedge that leads into Hudson lane."

To his father, Rokeson explained: "That mongrel yellow hound of Morrissey's is out on the sidewalk. Watch some fun!"

Tom jumped to his feet and ran to his own gate. But, fast as he ran, he was not long in finding it.

He found Henry Rokeson say, in amused excitement to the kennel man: "Let Champion Colborn out again, quick! And open the gate in the hedge that leads into Hudson lane."

To his father, Rokeson explained: "That mongrel yellow hound of Morrissey's is out on the sidewalk. Watch some fun!"

Tom jumped to his feet and ran to his own gate. But, fast as he ran, he was not long in finding it.

He found Henry Rokeson say, in amused excitement to the kennel man: "Let Champion Colborn out again, quick! And open the gate in the hedge that leads into Hudson lane."

To his father, Rokeson explained: "That mongrel yellow hound of Morrissey's is out on the sidewalk. Watch some fun!"

Tom jumped to his feet and ran to his own gate. But, fast as he ran, he was not long in finding it.

He found Henry Rokeson say, in amused excitement to the kennel man: "Let Champion Colborn out again, quick! And open the gate in the hedge that leads into Hudson lane."

To his father, Rokeson explained: "That mongrel yellow hound of Morrissey's is out on the sidewalk. Watch some fun!"

Tom jumped to his feet and ran to his own gate. But, fast as he ran, he was not long in finding it.

He found Henry Rokeson say, in amused excitement to the kennel man: "Let Champion Colborn out again, quick! And open the gate in the hedge that leads into Hudson lane."

To his father, Rokeson explained: "That mongrel yellow hound of Morrissey's is out on the sidewalk. Watch some fun!"

Tom jumped to his feet and ran to his own gate. But, fast as he ran, he was not long in finding it.

He found Henry Rokeson say, in amused excitement to the kennel man: "Let Champion Colborn out again, quick! And open the gate in the hedge that leads into Hudson lane."

To his father, Rokeson explained: "That mongrel yellow hound of Morrissey's is out on the sidewalk. Watch some fun!"

Tom jumped to his feet and ran to his own gate. But, fast as he ran, he was not long in finding it.

He found Henry Rokeson say, in amused excitement to the kennel man: "Let Champion Colborn out again, quick! And open the gate in the hedge that leads into Hudson lane."

To his father, Rokeson explained: "That mongrel yellow hound of Morrissey's is out on the sidewalk. Watch some fun!"

Tom jumped to his feet and ran to his own gate. But, fast as he ran, he was not long in finding it.

He found Henry Rokeson say, in amused excitement to the kennel man: "Let Champion Colborn out again, quick! And open the gate in the hedge that leads into Hudson lane."

To his father, Rokeson explained: "That mongrel yellow hound of Morrissey's is out on the sidewalk. Watch some fun!"

Tom jumped to his feet and ran to his own gate. But, fast as he ran, he was not long in finding it.

He found Henry Rokeson say, in amused excitement to the kennel man: "Let Champion Colborn out again, quick! And open the gate in the hedge that leads into Hudson lane."

To his father, Rokeson explained: "That mongrel yellow hound of Morrissey's is out on the sidewalk. Watch some fun!"

Tom jumped to his feet and ran to his own gate. But, fast as he ran, he was not long in finding it.

He found Henry Rokeson say, in amused excitement to the kennel man: "Let Champion Colborn out again, quick! And open the gate in the hedge that leads into Hudson lane."

To his father, Rokeson explained: "That mongrel yellow hound of Morrissey's is out on the sidewalk. Watch some fun!"

Tom jumped to his feet and ran to his own gate. But, fast as he ran, he was not long in finding it.

He found Henry Rokeson say, in amused excitement to the kennel man: "Let Champion Colborn out again, quick! And open the gate in the hedge that leads into Hudson lane."

To his father, Rokeson explained: "That mongrel yellow hound of Morrissey's is out on the sidewalk. Watch some fun!"

Tom jumped to his feet and ran to his own gate. But, fast as he ran, he was not long in finding it.

He found Henry Rokeson say, in amused excitement to the kennel man: "Let Champion Colborn out again, quick! And open the gate in the hedge that leads into Hudson lane."

To his father, Rokeson explained: "That mongrel yellow hound of Morrissey's is out on the sidewalk. Watch some fun!"

Tom jumped to his feet and ran to his own gate. But, fast as he ran, he was not long in finding it.

He found Henry Rokeson say, in amused excitement to the kennel man: "Let Champion Colborn out again, quick! And open the gate in the hedge that leads into Hudson lane."

To his father, Rokeson explained: "That mongrel yellow hound of Morrissey's is out on the sidewalk. Watch some fun!"

Tom jumped to his feet and ran to his own gate. But, fast as he ran, he was not long in finding it.

He found Henry Rokeson say, in amused excitement to the kennel man: "Let Champion Colborn out again, quick! And open the gate in the hedge that leads into Hudson lane."

To his father, Rokeson explained: "That mongrel yellow hound of Morrissey's is out on the sidewalk. Watch some fun!"

Tom jumped to his feet and ran to his own gate. But, fast as he ran, he was not long in finding it.

He found Henry Rokeson say, in amused excitement to the kennel man: "Let Champion Colborn out again, quick! And open the gate in the hedge that leads into Hudson lane."

To his father, Rokeson explained: "That mongrel yellow hound of Morrissey's is out on the sidewalk. Watch some fun!"

Tom jumped to his feet and ran to his own gate. But, fast as he ran, he was not long in finding it.

He found Henry Rokeson say, in amused excitement to the kennel man: "Let Champion Colborn out again, quick! And open the gate in the hedge that leads into Hudson lane."

To his father, Rokeson explained: "That mongrel yellow hound of Morrissey's is out on the sidewalk. Watch some fun!"

Tom jumped to his feet and ran to his own gate. But, fast as he ran, he was not long in finding it.

He found Henry Rokeson say, in amused excitement to the kennel man: "Let Champion Colborn out again, quick! And open the gate in the hedge that leads into Hudson lane."

To his father, Rokeson explained: "That mongrel yellow hound of Morrissey's is out on the sidewalk. Watch some fun!"

Tom jumped to his feet and ran to his own gate. But, fast as he ran, he was not long in finding it.

He found Henry Rokeson say, in amused excitement to the kennel man: "Let Champion Colborn out again, quick! And open the gate in the hedge that leads into Hudson lane."

To his father, Rokeson explained: "That mongrel yellow hound of Morrissey's is out on the sidewalk. Watch some fun!"

Tom jumped to his feet and ran to his own gate. But, fast as he ran, he was not long in finding it.

He found Henry Rokeson say, in amused excitement to the kennel man: "Let Champion Colborn out again, quick! And open the gate in the hedge that leads into Hudson lane."

To his father, Rokeson explained: "That mongrel yellow hound of Morrissey's is out on the sidewalk. Watch some fun!"

Tom jumped to his feet and ran to his own gate. But, fast as he ran, he was not long in finding it.

He found Henry Rokeson say, in amused excitement to the kennel man: "Let Champion Colborn out again, quick! And open the gate in the hedge that leads into Hudson lane."

To his father, Rokeson explained: "That mongrel yellow hound of Morrissey's is out on the sidewalk. Watch some fun!"

Tom jumped to his feet and ran to his own gate. But, fast as he ran, he was not long in finding it.

He found Henry Rokeson say, in amused excitement to the kennel man: "Let Champion Colborn out again, quick! And open the gate in the hedge that leads into Hudson lane."

To his father, Rokeson explained: "That mongrel yellow hound of Morrissey's is out on the sidewalk. Watch some fun!"

Tom jumped to his feet and ran to his own gate. But, fast as he ran, he was not long in finding it.

He found Henry Rokeson say, in amused excitement to the kennel man: "Let Champion Colborn out again, quick! And open the gate in the hedge that leads into Hudson lane."

To his father, Rokeson explained: "That mongrel yellow hound of Morrissey's is out on the sidewalk. Watch some fun!"

Tom jumped to his feet and ran to his own gate. But, fast as he ran, he was not long in finding it.

He found Henry Rokeson say, in amused excitement to the kennel man: "Let Champion Colborn out again, quick! And open the gate in the hedge that leads into Hudson lane."

To his father, Rokeson explained: "That mongrel yellow hound of Morrissey's is out on the sidewalk. Watch some fun!"

Tom jumped to his feet and ran to his own gate. But, fast as he ran, he was not long in finding it.

He found Henry Rokeson say, in amused excitement to the kennel man: "Let Champion Colborn out again, quick! And open the gate in the hedge that leads into Hudson lane."

To his father, Rokeson explained